Death is Introspective

by HappyFacesMakeTheWorldStopDead

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Summary: Django just wants to prove himself to his family. Manny is the wrench that gets thrown in. Frida secretly ships it.

1. Chapter 1

This fandom seriously needs more Gay.

I'm am here to provide.

I've tried to stay true to the show with its Spanish culture, but seeing as I'm not Spanish, I may have messed a few things up. Please, if you spot something, point it out.

Also, as a warning for the rest of the fic, there are mentions of slight child abuse and mental manipulation. The rating may go up for future chapters.

I'm not done with this, only up to about chapter seven so far, so updates may lag.

* * *

><p>It was bleak.<p>

The stunted wasteland was barren of anything resembling life. The few cactuses that grew weren't actually alive, just caricatures of what once was. The hard earth was nothing more than a packed surface. Little bits of sand collected in divots left from millennia ago. There was nothing forgiving about the way the landscape stretched across the horizon, lifeless in its approach to the beyond. The constant stream of unbroken light faded the dirt, making it look as dead as it was. The sun hung from a distance, caught between the earth and what some considered the sky.

But that wasn't a sky above. The inky darkness that loomed over all

was filled with tiny lights, glittering in the distance. The lights broke up the monogamous color but did little to comfort the harsh reality of the cage above. The desert was nothing short of bleak.

I hated it.

"Django, you will make yourself depressed again," Madre said, passing by my bedroom door. She didn't wait for a response, and I heard the door down the hall click shut. The sound carried in the unmoving environment of my house.

I sighed.

"Yes, Madre," I muttered under my breath, moving away from the windowsill I was propped up on. I moved farther into the room, sitting down on the hard wooden floor. There wasn't much to do but stare at the wall, so I did. The silence was only broken by the noises of my father, somewhere in the basement. He would scream sometimes, but that was quickly cut off. I almost liked the screams. They were at least something to listen to.

My fingers fiddled with the tassels on my poncho. Boredom was slowly creeping in and I looked towards the window again. At least while staring at the lifeless sea of sand I could lament about how awful it was. Before I could move, however, I heard the sound of the door down the hall open.

"You are going to lose muscles if you do not move, Django," Madre said as she passed by. It was a cutting reminder. I sighed and got up from the floor.

"Yes, Madre," I muttered. I walked out of my room and followed her as she stepped down the stairs. The main floor of the house was empty, save the dusty furniture. I stared at the floor as I walked across the living room and out the back door.

"You have to close the door all the way, Django," Madre said as she took a seat in one of the reclining chairs. She opened the book she had carried from her room, and I sighed yet again.

"Yes, Madre." It was like a mantra on my lips, repeating over and over. I sat in one of the chairs adjacent to her, not close enough to be considered 'next to' but close enough to not be rude. I looked up at the roof above me, and closed my eyes. It was easy to forget about the surrounding world, the dreariness that persisted throughout the land. It was harder to ignore the presence of my Madre near me.

She didn't speak. She didn't move. She didn't even breathe. The soft sound of a page turning in her book felt like knives slicing through the stillness of the area. She commanded the knives, forced the silence to submit to her, and then commanded the silence when the knives were worn and broken.

It was daunting how much power she held in the small space she occupied. I felt myself shiver thinking about the damning force that was my Madre. It wasn't pleasant.

I quickly redirected my thoughts, not wanting to revisit the images of her might. I itched to be doing something, preferably something _productive_, but anything would do at this point. I desperately

wanted to ask my Madre if something would happen today. If she would decide for something to happen. But I kept my mouth forcibly shut. She was reading, and as much as I longed to be doing something with my time, it would be rude to interrupt.

As if reading my thoughts, she spoke. "Sartana is coming over today." I jolted at the loud sound of her voice, but quickly settled myself again.

"Will she be training me again?" I felt the familiar joy come over me. If there was one thing good in this underworld, it was Nana Sartana. She was boisterous and cutting, but there was also softness within her. She was nothing like Madre.

And on the days I was able to train with her, I could feel the pride she would give. There was nothing better than getting a rewarding pat on the back after crushing several enemies with only my bare hands. It was all for when I obtained my mystic guitar. I had to be ready.

"No."

My proverbial heart dropped the slightest bit. If she wasn't coming to train me, then she was coming for Father. I decided not to give Madre a reply.

I shut my eyes again, blocking out everything. It was easier without the thoughts of Madre swimming in my head.

Time passed slowly. In the hours -probably no more than seven- that passed, I decided that I hated time. I had already disliked it before, but the constant annoyance that came with it passing so slowly pushed 'dislike' into 'hatred'. I had no clocks, no watches, nothing to measure the seconds that passed or the time of day. Not that it would matter with the sun stuck in its battle to fall below the horizon.

I heard the horses long before I heard my Madre getting up from her seat. I waited until I heard the back door close before shooting up from my seat and running around the side of the house. I made it to the front porch before my Madre open the front door. I heard a scoff but didn't turn around. The carriage was slowly coming closer, the horses at full speed, but the desert stretched as far as it could. I tapped my shoe against the dark earth.

"Do not be rude, Django," my Madre said from behind me. I stopped tapping my foot and stood a little straighter, not that Nana would care. She was old and traditional, but she didn't take rudeness as a slight against her. I could say or do whatever I wanted around her, so long as it wasn't meaningfully harsh. Madre, on the other handâ€¦.

The carriage came to a stop in front of the house, the horse whining at the sudden stop. I stood still as the door opened and Nana stepped onto the ground.

"Django, my dear," she reached out with bony arms. I stepped into her embrace as best I could while still keeping my posture. She let go of me and stepped up to the house.

"Mujer."

"Sartana."

I look away as they exchange greetings, the air heavy with distaste. My Madre lead us as we went inside. I continued to stare at the floor as I made my way up the stairs to my room. I knew that that was the only interaction I was going to get with Nana for today. I heard the basement door locks coming undone as I settled myself back on the windowsill.

The screaming that filled the house shortly after wasn't the usual kind of disillusioned screams. These were filled with delight and happiness, a sound that only existed in the house during Nana's visiting hours. I continued to stare out at the bleak desert and hate the underworld at large.

2. Chapter 2

"Again."

I grunted at the effort to push myself up. The exercises for today were grueling. There was little time to get my bearings as the next onslaught started. I clawed, dodged, and smashed almost blindly, bones aching from the stress. The skeletons surrounding me were fast, new to the battle and not holding back. I wasn't fast enough to dodge all of the blows. They came, one after another, and before I knew it, I was back on the floor. The skeletons backed off for the moment, waiting for Nana to give the next order.

I heard a sigh and the quiet footsteps of her coming nearer. I relished the quick break she afford me and stayed on the ground. My bones screamed at me to not move, and I listened.

"Django," I could feel the disappointment dripping from her words, "how are you ever going to rule the living world if you can't even take down 30 banditos?" I squeezed my eyes shut and kept quiet. She sighed again and walked back to her seat at the top of the arena. "Again." The attacks started once more with little warning. I forced myself from the ground.

I knew what she expected of me. I learned the day I was chosen to inherit the next Mystic Guitar. I was to train in every way until I was ready. That meant harsh physical demands, impossible mental conditioning, and impeccably sharpening all of my senses. The days that I trained with Nana were some of the worst of my young undead life, but they were also the best.

These were the days where I could be myself. I didn't have to be quiet and respectful. I didn't have to conform to the strict standards imposed at every chance in my life. I didn't need to be nonexistent.

I just needed to be perfect. Which, of course, I already _was_, but more so.

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"What do you suppose he is planning, Django?" Nana circles me like a

shark would a helpless fish. I squinted at the images before me. There was a fight, the villain with a bag of money over his shoulder and the good guy giving a heroic speech. This hero was fast, relying on his speed to build up strength. He was predictable, following a set pattern. I wondered how the other villains didn't notice it.

"He's going to disable his opponent in one move with a flying kick," I'd seen it happen over and over, this was nothing different. I watched as the scene played out, Nana standing behind me. I felt the corner of my mouth twitch as the hero did exactly what I said. A frown quickly overtook the smirk as a new player entered the scene, someone who I had never seen before.

"And what do you think will happen now?" She paused the video, giving me time to respond.

There were only two ways it could go. The new character could be bad, and the hero would have to take him out as well, probably in the same fashion. But this new character looked smaller, childlike to the others. Maybe he was a good guy, and was coming to help the hero?

"It's a child," I said. "Maybe he's going to get an autograph." It was a safe assumption.

"Maybe?" My finger twitched. _Damn_. She always catches my slip-ups. She didn't give me time to correct myself, though, as she pressed play on the video. I watched at this new person lept across the screen, coming to stand beside the downed villain. He kicked the unconscious person as the hero walked up from behind. Words were exchanged between the two, and you see them exit the scene together.

"Now, what just happened?" Nana walked around me, facing my directly. She didn't want me to mess up. I bite my lip.

"Um," I looked back at the screen behind her. What had happened? Was it a lost child? Was it a wannabe hero or villain? Was it a family friend?

"Django." Her voice was piercing. I flinched and looked down. Time's up. "If you cannot read a situation in battle, you will never rule the living world."

It was a fact.

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I hissed as the blade hit my bone.

"Dodge it, Django." Easier said than done.

The world was dark. I couldn't see anything save the inky blackness of the blindfold around my eyes. I took a hesitant step forward and hiss again when a blade collided with my arm. The swinging traps were laid haphazardly around the training room, and I was starting to feel disoriented. The amount of times I was hit shows through the small cut marks adorning my end of the maze would be around here somewhereâ€¦.

Wait, how many steps had I taken again?

I sighed.

Curses.

"So you will just stand there and let your enemies defeat you then, Django."

I grinded my teeth together. Unlike Nana, I was not just going to _stand there_ and _let_ them get an advantage over me in the first place! I had half a mind to voice my thoughts.

I refrained.

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I closed my eyes. The strings on my fingers felt like water after a hard day's work, and I relished the feeling. The soft tune coming from the instrument in my hands was hypnotic and I hummed along to the melody I was making. If Nana's visiting days were the best in my undead life, then these days were like dying and going to the Land of the Remembered.

It was part of my training to learn how to use my mystic guitar, and I spent the time leisurely. Usually, Nana would have me do small exercising in controlling the specific powers that came with the guitar, but sometimes she would leave me to play on my own. In the moments I was alone, I was gone.

No more was I Django of the Dead, but someone else. Someone who didn't have a Mystic Guitar, but just a regular one. I imagined myself playing for other people, the harmonies of their music and mine mixing together to create a song only we could play. I imagined the people waiting in the shadows, listening to me strum the guitar and wanting to join me.

I heard Nana make her way down the hall, her shoes clicking on the floor. I sighed.

It was a nice fantasy.

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I stopped feeling the pain after the 50th blow. The skeletons danced around me as I tore them down, one by one. My claws became expert weapons as I ripped clothes apart and cracked bones. Nana seemed to be adding more and more banditos as I took them down.

vvvvv

"He's going to use the light pole as a bat." I smirked as the real time video showed just that, El Tigre delivering the final blow to his enemy. He wasn't predictable like the rest, but that's what made it fun. I had to pay attention to the surroundings at all times, constantly judging whether or not something was useful to him.

He seemed to find a lot of things useful.

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The swinging spikes were easy, and I yawned as I maneuvered around them. The shooting blades were a nice touch at the end, but they make too much noise slicing through the air. I cackled as I reached the finish line, the rough ingrain of the floor a tell-tale sign.

"Do it again. Backwards." I missed Nana's glare, but I could feel the snark.

"I could do this all day, Nana," I taunted, and jumped back over the flying blades.

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"Yo debo aprenderlo es un largo camino para saber que se siente sus opiniones olvidoâ€¦."

* * *

><p>So, this was fun. Note, the lyrics come from www youtube comwatch?v=Lt9QJb4DdB0&nohtml5=False

The lyrics I wanted were, "I got to learn things, learn them the hard way/ Gotta see what it feels like, no matter what they say". I did not make the translation, so I don't really know what it actually reads? I figured that google translate wasn't the best option to go with on this soooo tell me if it's weird so I don't look like an idiot please.

Tell me if you love it, hate it, want more, or want me never defile a poor, innocent cartoon like this again. Any questions? Ask me! I don't bite _much_.

Have a nice day (or night, whichever).

(Also, why does Fanfiction hate symbols? Like, wth ? Get your shit together. This is why I've moved to ao3.)

End
file.